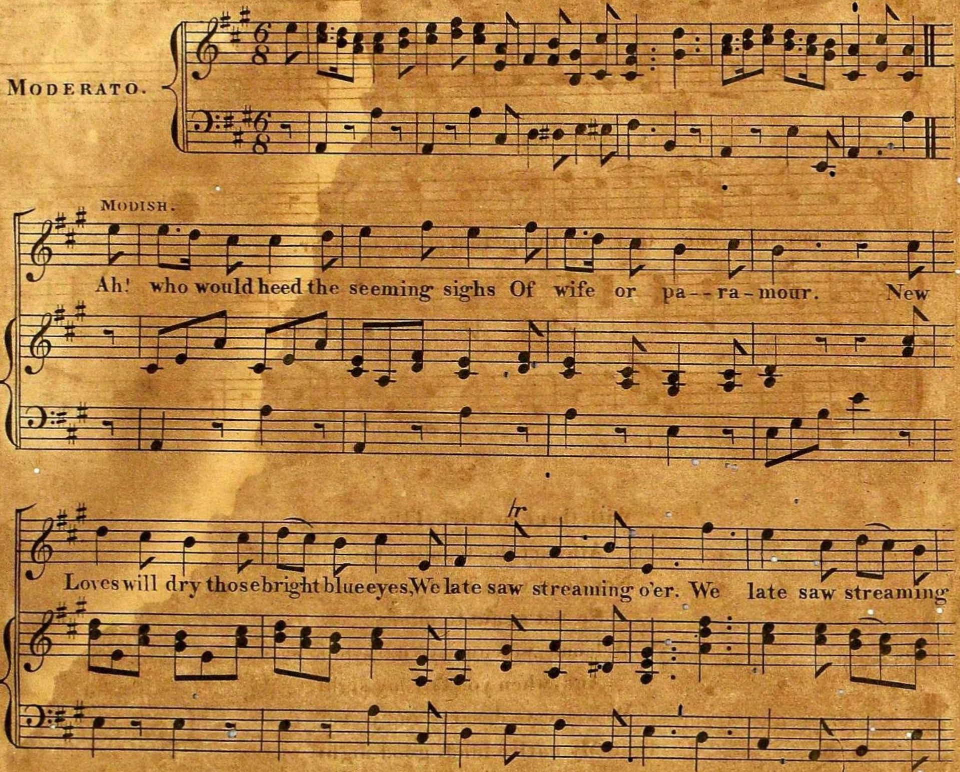
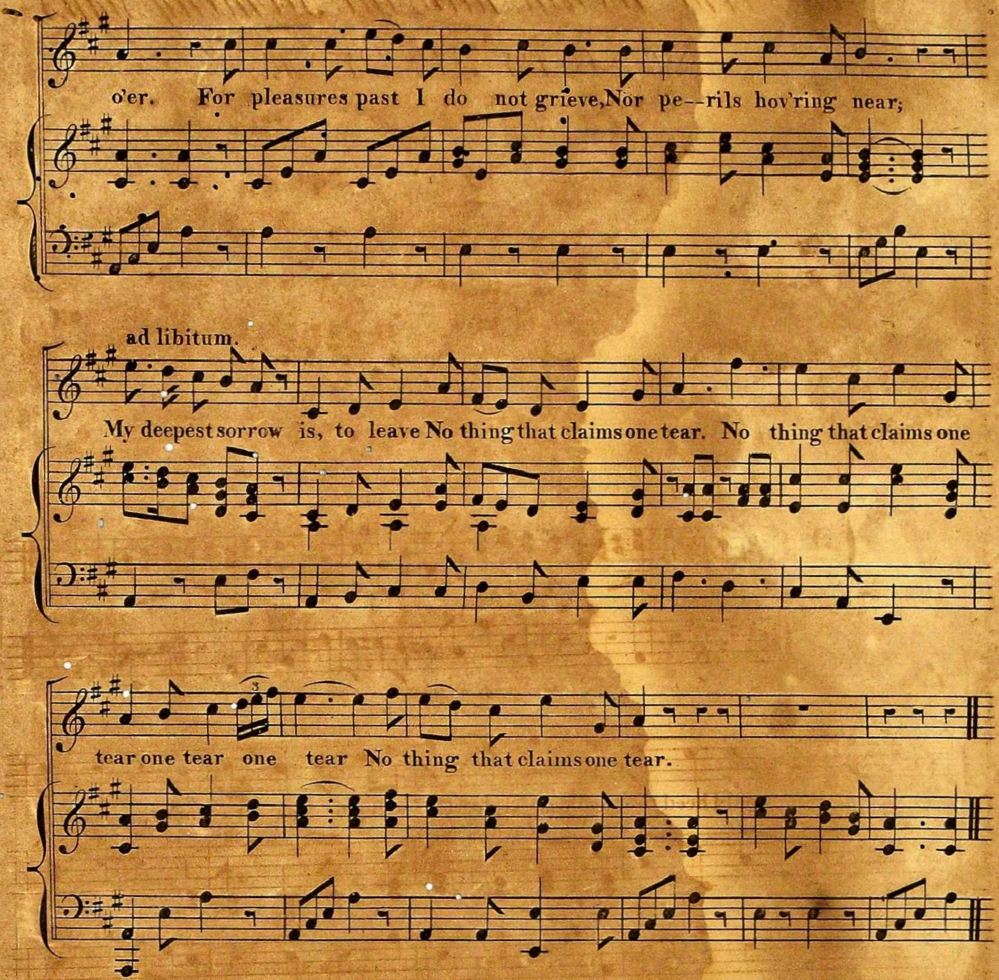
Ah! Who would heed the seeming sighs.

SUNG BY MR. PYNE,





2

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor heed what land you bear me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves;
And, when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye desarts and ye caves:
My native land, good-night.